Ped. Moſt *Dull*, honeſt *Dull*, to our ſport away. *Exit.*

Enter Ladies.

Qu. Sweet hearts we ſhall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.
A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: Looke you, what I haue
from the Louing King.
Roſa. Madam, came nothing elſe along with that?
Qu. Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,
As would be cram'd vp in a ſheet of paper
Writ on both ſides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to ſeale on *Cupids* name.
Roſa. That was the way to make his God-head wax:
For he hath beene fiue thouſand yeeres a Boy.
Kath. I, and a ſhrewd vnhappie gallowes too.
Roſ. You'll neere be friends with him, a kild your ſiſter.
Kath. He made her melancholy, ſad, and heauy, and ſo
ſhe died: had ſhe beene Light like you, of ſuch a merrie nimble
ſtirring ſpirit, ſhe might a bin a Grandam ere ſhe died. And ſo
may you: For a light heart liues long.
Roſ. What's your darke meaning mouſe, of this light word?
Kat. A light condition in a beautie darke.
Roſe. We need more light to finde your meaning out.
Kat. You'll marre the light by taking it in ſnuffe:
Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.
Roſ. Look what you doe, you doe it ſtill i'th darke.
Kat. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.
Roſ. Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light.
Ka. You waigh me not, O that's, you care not for me.
Roſ. Great reaſon: for paſt care, is ſtill paſt cure.
Qu. Well bandied both, a ſet of Wit well played.
But *Roſaline*, you haue a fauour too.
Who ſent it? and what is it?
Roſ. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Fauour were as great, be witneſſe this.
Nay, I haue verſes too, I thanke *Berowne*,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too,
I were the faireſt Goddeſſe on the ground.

I

I am compar'd to twenty thouſand fairs.
O he hath drawne my picture in his letter.
Qu. Any thing like?
Roſ. Much in the letters, nothing in the pra
Qu. Beauteous, as Incke: a good concluſio
Kat. Faire as a text B. in a Coppie booke.
Roſ. Ware penſils. How? Let me not die you
My red Dominicall, my golden Letter.
O that your face were full of Oes.
Qu. A Pox of that ieſt, and I beſhrew all Sh
But *Katherine*, what was ſent to you
From faire *Dumaine*?
Kat. Madame, this Gloue.
Qu. Did he not ſend you twaine?
Kat. Yes Madame and moreouer,
Some thouſand Verſes of a faithfull Louer.
A huge tranſlation of Hypocriſie,
Vildly compiled, profound ſimplicitie.
Mar. This, and theſe Pearls, to me ſent *Lon*
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.
Qu. I thinke no leſſe: doſt thou wiſh in hear
The Chaine were Longer, and the Letter ſhort.
Mar. I, or I would theſe hands might neuer
Quee. We are wiſe girles to mocke our Loue
Roſ. They are worſe fooles to purchaſe mock
That ſame *Berowne* ile torture ere I goe.
O that I knew he were but in by th'weeke,
How I would make him fawne, and begge, an
And waite the ſeaſon, and obſerue the times,
And ſpend his prodigall wits in bootles rimes.
And ſhape his ſeruice wholly to my deuice,
And make him proud, to make me proud that
So pertaunt like would I o'reſway his ſtate,
That he ſhould be my foole, and I his fate.
Qu. None are ſo ſurely caught, when they a
As wit turn'd foole, follie in Wiſdome hatch'd
Hath wiſdomes warrant, and the helpe of Scho
And Wits one grace to grace a learned Foole?
Roſ. The bloud of youth burns not with ſuch